

PS  
3535

. O 224 G 4  
1915

Hollinger Corp.  
pH 8.5

PS3535

10224 G4

1915

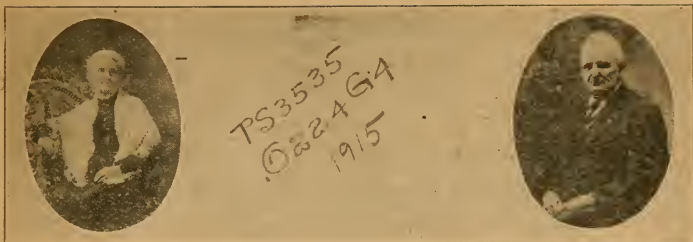
4

# Gems of Thought

BY

ARTHUR J. ROBINSON





MOTHER

ARTHUR

## A DREAM OF HOME AND MOTHER

By ARTHUR J. ROBINSON

November 14th, 1915

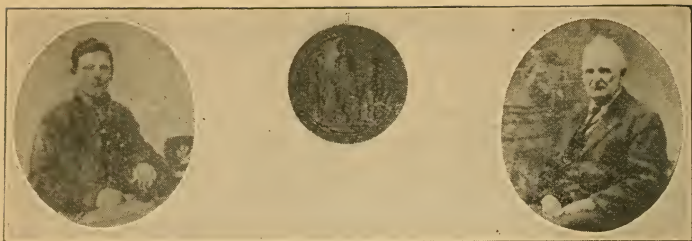
Alone I sit in my old arm chair  
As my thoughts wander back to the past,  
To mother dear, and the old cottage home  
Where I have spent many a happy hour.

There mother would sit in the twilight gray  
And read from that dear old book,  
Her face all radiant with a hallowed light  
As she knelt for her evening prayer.

Her hair, so wavy, now silvery white,  
Her cheeks now sunken and wan;  
She is the dear old mother of my heart,  
As in days long past and gone.

Oh! how I yearn for her loving embrace,  
Those tender, soothing good-nights,  
As she would kneel beside my little cot,  
And with fervent prayer, ask God to  
protect her boy.

Copyright 1915 by A. J. Robinson, Davenport, Iowa.



1862

1915

**ARTHUR J. ROBINSON**

**Co. E, 33d Regiment, Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers**

**DECORATION DAY, MAY 30**

**By ARTHUR J. ROBINSON**

**March 12th, 1916**

These little green mounds that we visit today,  
Are the bivouac of our soldiers dead  
Who went forth to protect the flag they loved,  
That we place on their graves today.

With silent tread, we visit each mound,  
And place this emblem of love,  
To the memory dear of our comrades gone  
To that realm of peace and rest.

How soon will we be mingled here,  
With our comrades in silent repose;  
Will our memory be kept with a hallowed shrine,  
As our comrades who have passed before?

Yes, comrades, we too will be remembered thus,  
With a tender, loving care,  
As our mortal bodies crumble to dust,  
Our memory will be kept as fresh as theirs.

Copyright 1916 by A. J. Robinson, Davenport, Iowa.



1862

ARTHUR J. ROBINSON

1915

Co. E, 33d Regiment, Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers

## THE LITTLE BROWN BUTTON

How dear to my heart are my treasures of childhood,  
A collection most rare that I have in store;  
But none are treasured so much or so highly  
As the modest little button my grandfather wore.  
That little brown button, that modest little button,  
That little brown button my grandfather wore.

How oft' he would clasp me in his arms at twilight,  
And tell me the story of the great Civil War,  
How he charged the foe at the battle of Shiloh,  
How he won with honor the button he wore.  
That little brown button, that modest little button,  
That little brown button my grandfather wore.

He has gone to his rest in the shade of the elms,  
Where we placed him with gentle care to repose.  
I have taken from the lapel of his old blue coat  
That modest little button that grandfather wore.  
That little brown button, that modest little button,  
That little brown button my grandfather wore.

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY A. J. ROBINSON, DAVENPORT, IOWA

**ARTHUR J. ROBINSON**

*Author of*

**Memorandum and Anecdotes of the  
Civil War**

**Private Soldier's Christmas Dinner**

**Little Brown Button**

**A Dream of Home and Mother**

**A Perfect Woman**

**PASSE PARTOUT WORK DONE NEATLY**

**ROOM 6, DITTOE BLOCK, COR 3D & BRADY STS.**

**DAVENPORT, IOWA**



## A BIRTHDAY GREETING

To COMRADE J. P. EAGAL

The Eagal's Nest, February 12, 1916

In my ramble through the city north,  
One bright December day,  
I chance to spy an Eagal's nest,  
Way out on that suburban way.

With cautious steps I wander on,  
Quite close to the Eagal's home;  
And finding there no visible life  
I rapped at the portal of the throne.

With great surprise was I dismayed,  
As the portal opened wide,  
And there appeared the Eagal brave,  
With a welcome greeting to his home.

With timid step I venture in,  
To find therein a mate  
Who had prepared in steaming bowl,  
A bounteous dinner spread.

With hospitality I was made  
Their most welcome guest,  
And asked to partake of their humble board,  
With comfort, ease and rest.

Long may my Eagal host survive,  
With his mate, so cheerful and happy,  
In their beautiful nest, so cozy and warm,  
Way out in that suburban valley.

Copyright 1916 by A. J. Robinson, Davenport, Iowa.

# HISTORY OF OUR FLAG



By ARTHUR J. ROBINSON

December 7th, 1907

Our grand old flag, composed of rags,  
As history has recorded,  
Composed is it of colors three,  
How nobly are they blended.

In 1777, so history has stated,  
By Betsy Ross, who stitched acrost  
With hands and fingers nimble;  
Thirteen stripes of red and white,  
A field of blue she added  
With thirteen stars assembled.

Our forefathers old, so we have been told,  
In congress had assembled:  
And with bared heads proclaimed, it is said,  
It a symbol of Freedom and Independence.

Oh! long may it wave  
Over the homes of the brave,  
Over land and sea and ocean;  
And with honor rare  
It is received everywhere,  
By every land and nation.

# COMRADES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

By A. J. ROBINSON

Davenport, Iowa, November 25, 1916.

Should we forget those bitter days

Of fifty years ago—

When we marched beneath our country's flag

To fight our country's foe

'Twas then we came green Badger boys

From school, and shop, and farm,

Obeying Lincoln's bugle call

To shield the flag from harm.

'Twas then we donned the uniform

Of Uncle Sam's true blue,

With the soldier's useful flannel shirt

And the stout old army shoe.

'Twas then we fed the inner man

With the good old army bean,

With hardtack and "sow-belly" too,

And Coffee in between.

'Twas then that friendships close was knit

With Alic, Orvil, and Joe,

With Richard, Hiram, and Jack;

And Adam, Arthur, and Frank—

Brave comrades all, with hearts so true,

Whom we will ne'er forget,

Though half a century has passed

Since we as comrades met.

Why Alic, it's more than fifty years

Since we boys first met in camp!

We're grand dads now—called "old" and "gray."

But still of loyal stamp,

And as we stand here, hand in hand,

'Mid life's bright sunset rays

We'll take a cup of coffee yet

To the good old camp life days.

Copyright 1916 by A. J. Robinson.

Presented to the Family of  
COMRADE JOHN SCHIESER

ODE OF CONDOLENCE

Widowed mother forbear thy weeping!  
Father has gone to his immortal rest.  
All thy grief will not recall him,  
From that peaceful slumber now.

Orphaned daughter do not mourn him!  
Father's pain and anguish now have past,  
Death has chilled his burning fever;  
All thy tears avail him naught.

Now his comrades around him gather,  
To administer their last sad rite;  
Read the ritual service over him,  
Place their emblems on his pall.

Now they lower him, gently lower him,  
In his hallowed bed of clay.  
He has gained his last victory;  
He has answered his last rollcall.

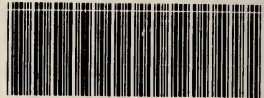
Widowed mother forbear thy weeping;  
Father rests in sweet repose.  
Though thy heart ties now are broken,  
Father rests in peace sublime.

Orphaned daughter do not mourn him,  
Father's care and sorrow now have past.  
You have still another duty  
Mother now must be your charge.

By ARTHUR ROBINSON.  
September 15th, 1916.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 929 751 8



Holling  
pH

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 929 751 8